

Semi-Weekly Bourbon News.

Independent and Democratic—Published from the Happy Side of Life—for the Benefit of Those Now Having Breath in Their Bodies. Price, \$2,00 for One Year, or, \$2,000 for 1,000 Years—CASH!

VOL. II.

PARIS, BOURBON COUNTY, KENTUCKY: FRIDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1883.

NO. 170.

THE Hart county fair is now going on.
OVERCOATS are dull sale on the market.

SOMETHING new coming—"Uncle Tom's Cabin Combination."

GIVE us liberty and a few more roads through Alderney Park,

THROPOLIS NIX has opened a candy store in the hole in the wall next to Tucker's.

If Hoadley had been well, it's hard to tell what his majority would have been in Ohio.

WM. FUNK was killed in a saloon fight in Covington, by Joe Williams, Tuesday night.

THE Commercial Gazette extra edition concedes Hoadley's election by 6,000 to 8,000.

A LADY cannot fail to buy a cloak if she looks through W. H. Ingels & Co.'s large stock.

CRAFT lived to hear the news from Ohio, and was willing to go. He was a Republican.

LADIES, do not fail to examine W. H. Ingels & Co.'s velvets. They are selling them cheap.

WHO will foot the taxes on the new short-route eye-sores through our Court-house square?

BOB THOMAS has bought Tom Cunningham's interest in the Clark & Edwards livery stable.

ONLY about 35 ex-soldiers of Gen. Fry's old regiment met in re-union at Danville, Wednesday.

"KENTUCK" was detained the second night in Lexington, and just suited those intense "hoss" people to a dot.

A. L. UNDERWOOD, a brakeman of the C. & O., got the life almost crushed out of him at Lexington while coupling cars.

GEORGE B. THOMAS and John Taylor have sold their interest in the Maysville Republican to Messrs. E. R. and C. C. Blaine.

THE Presbyterians are holding their Centennial at Harrodsburg this week. About three hundred ministers are present.

THE remaining trial of Capt. Sam Rogers and son, for shooting Bill and Tom Rogers at the Licks, is now going on at Mt. Olivet.

Now, if lawyers McMillan, Brent, Myall and Lucas ask for a short route pavement to the Court-house door, let no man say nay!

EIGHTEEN passengers left here Wednesday on an excursion to the Louisville Exposition. The fare was only \$3 for the round trip.

MORGAN ought to have photographed the Court-house square before its beauty was ruined with those diagonal lazy man's routes.

A LITTLE son of A. T. McDonald, fell from a dray at Flemingsburg, and, the wheel crushed its arm so that amputation was necessary.

THE bankers assembled in convention Wednesday at Louisville. They adopted the same old robbing rates, took a drink and disbanded.

NEW gates are being put on the North and South sides of the Court-House square, and pavements are being laid leading diagonally to the front steps.

IKE BUZZARD escaped from his cell in Lancaster county (Pa.) jail, and, locking the watchman in, released eleven of the worst prisoners in the jail.

THE man Fugitt, who shot and killed An-glin at the Eastern Kentucky Junction, in Grayson county, will probably be hanged by a mob to-day after Craft is hung.

THE "Maid of the Mist" ran the lower rapids of the Niagara yesterday afternoon. She remained in the whirlpool ten minutes. Ten thousand people were present.

THE printers of the Kentuckian office were not out on the house roof stealing peaches yesterday, and our devils couldn't steal a supplant. Nothing in it, anyhow.

THE dreamy days of Indian Summer have settled down upon us, and the soft breezes that waft the falling leaves of autumn bear with them a balmy memory of spring.

AT Maysville, about 10 o'clock Saturday night, Barney Stockdale was shot five times by George Hancock. The shooting took place in a grocery store in the Fifth Ward.

THERE are twenty-five school districts in Fleming county without teachers. That's why the people out there balance their grist with a rock, and tote a flint to light their pipes.—*Vanceburg Courier*.

MRS. CHARLES FOOTE desires to call attention of the ladies to her opening of millinery goods to-morrow. She has a rich and rare assortment of trimmed goods—some thing to dazzle the eyes of all.

THE handsomest display of art needle-work ever made in this city will be at Mrs. J. E. Paton's opening to-morrow and Monday. Every lady and gentleman who appreciates such art is invited to call.

W. H. INGELS & CO. will offer for two days only, 500 ladies' knit pants and vests at one-third their actual value for cash. Ladies wishing underwear should not fail to avail themselves of this opportunity.

THE Mt. Olivet Democrat takes strong ground against Capt. S. G. Rogers as well as against the magistrates who continued his case for thirteen days, when the law does not allow them to continue such a case more than two days.

GREAT sympathy was expressed with Craft yesterday when he left for Grayson. It was generally thought here that Governor Knott would and ought at least to grant a respite until after Neal's trial next February.—*Lexington Press*.

A MEETING of the passenger agents of several roads were held at Louisville Wednesday and round-trip rates of 4½ cents per mile to Florida, were agreed upon. This will save tourists about one-fourth fare over the old way, during the coming season.

AT Georgetown, Geo. Hutchinson was killed Tuesday night, about 9 o'clock by Humphrey Crittenden, both colored. Crittenden was drunk, and, meeting Hutchinson, plunged a knife into his heart without any preliminaries. The cause was jealousy. Crittenden is in jail.

THE Richmond (Ind.) Daily Independent says of our Mr. Hattie Hill, who is teaching at that place:

"We are glad to learn that the efforts of Mrs. Hill establish a claim in art being crowned with success. Her class is increasing in numbers and all seem to be advancing very rapidly. She certainly possesses the gift of imparting her knowledge in a wonderful degree."

AS newly adopted citizens, Cols. Hedges and Quisenberry are respectfully invited downtown to help those short-route lazy men's pavements through our Court-house square. In way of a luxury too, they will be permitted to indulge in a little talk on Ohio, and the winning "hoss" at Lexington.

AFTER entering the train, Craft remarked from the car window to Mr. Cassidy, of the Press: "Cassidy, during all my two years' confinement in jail I have never told you a lie." Some one from the crowd told Craft not to die with a lie on his lips, to which he replied: "I certainly will not."—[Lexington Advertiser.]

GOVERNOR KNOTT refused to grant the respite asked for in the case of Ellis Craft. He says he carefully examined every detail of the pleadings before him, and saw no good reason why the penalty of the law should not be carried out when two verdicts have been rendered against the prisoner and every precaution taken by the State to guarantee him a fair and impartial trial. The execution will take place to-day at 12 o'clock.

AT 12:30 to-day Ellis Craft will know more of the misty future than all of the theologians and scientists on the globe. The grand problem of the hereafter will be solved at that time, if it is solveable at all. Innocent or guilty, we doubt not that he will be delighted with the change of scenery, association, &c. If innocent, he had better be dead than living with such a stigma upon his name and a tidal wave of public opinion against him, crying for somebody's blood—no matter who, just so that somebody pays the death penalty. Farewell, Mr. Craft—you cannot make worse your recent situation, and you should be glad to go hence.

A Progressive Step.

CAPT. THOMAS and W. T. Overby are contemplating the experiment of establishing a tobacco manufacture at this place. This is a move in the right direction and we see no good reason why it should not succeed beyond the most sanguine expectations of the projectors.

Being located in the heart of the best tobacco raising country in the world, we see no reason, why that our tobacco should be shipped several hundred miles away to be manufactured and shipped back here for sale. What we need here is home manufacturers in every line of business.

The old fogies will all soon pass away, and our children should be brought up progressive, alive and wide awake! What's the use of being one hundred years behind the East and West?

A No. 1 Man in Our Little Book.

JOHN STUART, one of the whitest men in America, is the only man out of several hundred who made a response to our little dud in Tuesday's issue, where the words "This means YOU" were used. John immediately made himself No. 1 in our little book, paying up his subscription in advance.

There are probably lots of other good men in the county, but they do not seem to understand the force of strong language—even when a man needs money badly. They appear to expect a man to go them in person and whine like a hungry cur, putting up a plea that he is out of bread, and that he would accept that which is due him as a piece of charity.

Many thanks, Mr. Stuart. We cite you as an example of a man among men, and one of a very few in this country who understands business as it should be understood.

Distillery and Whisky Sold.

Wm. Webb, assignee of Sam Clay, Jr., & Co., sold their distillery near this city Wednesday, at public sale, to a syndicate composed of T. J. Megibben, G. G. White, Dick Stoll, Charlie Stoll, White Forman and D. C. Parrish, for \$21,000. Twenty-nine hundred barrels of whisky of '81 and '82 crop were also sold in several lots, at prices ranging from \$5 to \$8 for '81, and 30% to 42% for '82.

The following are a portion of the buyers and amount bought: Northern Bank, Paris, 1,400 barrels; Citizens' Bank, 150; City National Bank of Lexington, 100; Dan and Tom Roche, 150; John Morgan, 150; Speyer of Lexington, 200; J. W. Watson & Co., Maysville, 100; Forshee, Lexington, 100; Wm. Adams, Cynthiana, 200; R. T. Anderson, 150.

We understand that it is not the intention of the syndicate to run it as a distillery, but merely to speculate on it. They claim that there is \$10,000 worth of storage in it for the whiskey, which reduces the distillery to \$10,000—the machinery of which cost about that much.

The Southern Play "Kentuck."

THE play of "Kentuck," rendered by Colton & Huntington's Combination, on Tuesday night, was the best play ever put on the boards in this city, and was so pronounced by most of our theatre-goers. The play is based on the life of real southern sports, in which the running races and "hoss" talk are the principal themes. The romances of a family feud where life is given for life, and where fortunes are staked and lost, and with it the heart of a bluegrass belle, and the averted "throw" of a race by a jockey, are the principle parts of the play. The troupe is first-class in every respect, but inured under many difficulties owing to the inadaptability of our stage. It was impossible for them to get their horses on the stage, therefore much of the excitement due from the pool-selling was lost, but the figure illustrations of the dash were thrilling with all the effects of a genuine race.

The Paris Colored Glee Club composed of Columbus Snell, Charlie Anderson, Geo. Meekin and Dan Jones, who sang "Old Kentucky Home" and other Southern melodies, added much to the play, and filled the bill of colored sports during the play to a dot.

The new pavements in the public square turn up and the sod put down again.

A few more men who understand the force of English language like John Stuart.

The News this Morning.

Chairman Oglevee, of the Republican State Committee, concedes Hoadly's election by 8,000 majority, and has telegraphed to this effect to all Republican Chairmen in the State. He also concedes the Legislature as follows: Senate 22 Democrats, 11 Republicans; House, 60 Democrats, 45 Republicans; majority 26 on joint ballot. He claims Rose, Republican, probably elected Lieutenant Governor.

The Democrats are claiming Iowa by 5,000, and the Republicans by 10,000.

SCINTILLATIONS.

Rather warm for the hop at Cynthiana, to-night.

Geo. Alexander has returned from the Louisville Exposition.

Col. G. D. Mitchell, of the Advertiser, has returned from St. Louis.

Jos. L. Taylor is out again, after a severe illness of several weeks.

James Gass, Hugo Alexander and others have returned from the St. Louis fair.

Jack Lovely, who has been down with malarial fever, is able to be out again.

Allen Cole, son of Judge Cole, of Flemingsburg, is attending Harvard College.

Samuel J. Tilden was Wednesday elected a member of the New York Yacht Club.

A Powell county woman slept in an unconscious state for six weeks, and then died.

James Glenn and wife, of Carlisle, have moved to Walker, Missouri, to make their future home.

A St. Louis couple first met at noon, married at supper, fought at night and separated in the morning.

Talmage says that men lie when they say that a woman is an angel. "Tal" has been married twice, you know.

Conductor Henry Green and wife have returned home from a tour, and the Captain is at his post on the M. & L. branch.

There were sixty-six divorce cases in the Chicago courts on Saturday. No wonder the standing cry in the daily papers is "clean the city."

Capt. Pete Miller and Geo. McCarney attended the Shakespearean feast of Keene in Macbeth, at the Lexington Opera House, Monday night.

A Chinaman named Hog Cheek recently died in Philadelphia. In the loss of him we can truly say that another good book agent has gone to rest.

Cal Darnell, Mrs. Scudder, and Rev. Scudder and wife, all passed through here from Carlisle Wednesday, to attend the Presbyterian Synod, at Harrodsburg.

Charlie Gatewood, of Mt. Sterling, has gone to Topeka, Kansas, where he has accepted a clerkship in the office of Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railroad.

Andrew J. Lovely, while attending the Grand Conclave of Knights of Pythias at Louisville, was taken for the Jesse James character man at the theater one night.

When a Texas owl swooped down and stuck its claws in a sleeping old man's hair, the sleeper awakened and drawled out: "Well, old woman, what's the matter now?"

Dr. Lyman leaves for Philadelphia this afternoon under charge of Major T. T. Owings as groomsmen, bent on a matrimonial alliance on the 18th inst. Nothing appears too hazardous for the indefatigable Major.

Gov. Knott, of Kentucky, Gov. Porter, of Indiana, Gov. Murray, of Utah, and Gov. Crittenden, of Missouri, attended the Louisville Exposition Wednesday. Governor Jarvis, of North Carolina, was also there, and said something to the boys.

The Kentuckian nose mop of to-morrow will say something about a *Giacus* (Indian man) killed and brought into that office by an uncle black man, from the country. The black man called the bird a "bull goose."

A FLOCK of partridges strayed into this city yesterday afternoon, and nine of them perched up on the roof of a Main street dwelling. Some small boys enjoyed the shooting of them with Flober rifles.

Another Excursion to Louisville.

The Kentucky Central will run another excursion from this place to the Louisville Exposition Monday next, Oct. 15th. Round trip tickets \$2.75, good to return on all regular trains until the following Saturday.

The public sale of Jerseys of A. McClintock & Son at Lexington, closed yesterday, and was a grand success. Their 118 head averaged \$25, and aggregated \$30,000. Mr. McMichael's 11 head which were sold at the same time, averaged \$27, and aggregated \$3,047.

THE Louisville Exposition building, put up at a cost of over \$200,000, has been sold to a stock company at New Orleans, and will be moved to that place as soon as the exposition is over—the 10th of November. The Louisville Exposition has been a grand success, and has so far downed all similar ones in the Union, save the Centennial at Philadelphia in '76.

THE new short-cut pavements running diagonally through our Court-house square, are perfect eye-sores to the public, and knock the beauty of the square completely into a legal deformity. The ungainly line on the North side strikes between the offices of Mayor Purnell and Kelly Brent and that on the South side strikes a beeline for G. C. Lockhart's office door. Who are the authors of the outrage?

What the NEWS Would like to See:

Iowa turn sensible like Ohio.

Oio go the same way next year.

To-morrow's Kentuckian supplement.

Major Thomas Owings downing Philadelphi-a.

A. P. Allis interviewing Henry Hastings on Ohio.

Governor Hoadley in President Tilden's Cabinet.

The new pavements in the public square turn up and the sod put down again.

A few more men who understand the force of English language like John Stuart.

MAN born of woman is of few days, and wants a short route to glory. Now John Swiney wants a short route sandstone pavement from the Northern Bank to the Court-house door—and he should have it; he's as much entitled to one as the lawyers.

A BANQUET was given to the commercial pilgrims of the State, at the Wells House, Wednesday night, at which 125 guests were in attendance. Cols. Jesse Lovely, Larue Thomas and others from Cincinnati, were in attendance.—[Georgetown Item.]

The Democrats are claiming Iowa by 5,000, and the Republicans by 10,000.

THE NEWS.

BRUCE CHAMP, Publisher.

PARIS. : : KENTUCKY.

WET WEATHER TALK.

It ain't no use to grumble and complain;
It's just as cheap and easy to rejoice;
When God sorts out the weather and sends
rain—
Wy, rain's my choice.

Men gen'le all intents—
And when I say I'm gen'le some
Puts most their trust in Providence,
And takes things as they come—
That is, the commonalty
Of men that's lived as long as me,
Has watched the world enough to learn
They're not the boss of this concern.

With some, of course, it's different—
I've seen young men that knew it all,
And didn't like the way things went
On us, and so on—
But, all the same, the rain some way
Rained just as hard on picnic-day;
Or when they really wanted it,
It may be wouldn't rain a bit!

In this existence, dry and wet—
Will overtake the best of men—
Some little skiff o' clouds'll set her
The sun off now and then;
But maybe, as you're wonderin' who
You're fooling, it's your umbrell to,
And when it'll pop the sun,
And you'll be glad you ain't got none.

It aggravates the farmers, too—
There's too much wet, or too much sun,
Or work's waitin' hard to do
Before the plowin's done!
And may be, like as not, the wheat,
Jest as it's lookin' hard to beat,
Will ketch the storm—and jest about
The time the corn's a-jintin' out!

These here cyclones a-folin' round—
And back'ard crop—and wind and rain—
And yet the corn that's waller'd down
May elbow up again!

The world's a jumble, as I can see,
For mortals such as you and me,
A-faultin' Nature's wise intents
And lockin' horns with Providence!

It ain't no use to grumble and complain;
It's just as cheap and easy to rejoice;
When God sorts out the weather and sends
rain—
Wy, rain's my choice.

J. W. Riley.

HOW LINTON BANK WAS ROBBED.

The little city of Linton, a place remarkable for the sobriety, industry and morality of its people—is just emerging from a thrilling scene which shook the whole community with nervous excitement, and that came near to destroying the fire of faith in humanity which has so long burned brightly in the bosoms of those easy-going, honest country folk.

The journey I have just completed was one of haste, and my stay in Linton was much shorter than I had hoped it might be; but it was there sufficiently long to witness the closing scenes of a remarkable trial, and one that will be long remembered by the people of that quiet town, and be talked of as the city's tragedy.

The Linton Bank is one of the interesting institutions not only of Linton, but of the whole county in which it is situated. It has long been noted for its financial stability, and its officers and clerks have many years borne the name of "Linton's 'Conservatives,'" which was given them for their perfect honesty and firm adherence to strict banking principles.

One of my first movements after I had arrived and partaken of a wholesome noonday meal, a la rural district, was to visit the bank for the purpose of having a check cashed.

As the teller handed me a small package of greenbacks, I observed that my old friend, President Goodnow, who was sitting near the huge doors of the iron vault, was looking me sharply in the face. He seemed to have observed that the new iron and wire railing, separating the teller's corner from the outer part of the room, had strongly attracted my attention, and from my looks judged that I was noting the changed appearance of things, and, therefore, naturally inferred that I was not a stranger at the counter. But the teller's face was a strange one to me, and that, with the new railing and wirework, had created within a feeling of inquisitiveness which I could not hide.

The bank President arose from his chair, raised his glasses from his eyes, and walked toward the railing which separated us. He soon recognized me, and I was greeted in his usually warm and friendly style.

"I saw you were interested to understand why all these radical changes in our little bank," said Mr. Goodnow, "and, from the manner in which you looked at the strange face at the teller's desk, and the wire-work surrounding it, I concluded at once that you were not a stranger to us."

"Yes, I will," said I, "it looked so strange to me that I almost doubted for a moment that I was in the place that I had supposed it to be. But I got a glimpse of your familiar face and my doubts were dispelled. Tell me, Mr. Goodnow," I continued, "what is the cause of this change?"

"Yes, I will," replied the old gentleman in which he assured me that his tender sympathies were aroused on the subject. "I will tell you the circumstances as far as they have gone," he said, with deep feeling, "and I can assure you that it is a sad story you shall hear. But, as we talk, I will ask you to walk with me. I must be at the court room promptly at two. I shall be glad to have you with me if you have time," and the aged man wiped the sweat from his brow, and pushed back the white locks which partly concealed his pleasant face.

"Indeed, Mr. Goodnow," I answered, "it will be a pleasure to accompany you; I will most happily accept your invitation."

"Poor John Earnest is in jail for theft. I would almost as easily expected to be there myself as to see John Earnest in jail. I could scarcely have believed it had the facts not come before my own eyes, and even now it seems as though it must be a dream." The tones in which these words were uttered were sufficient to tell me of deep sadness in the old man's heart as he was speaking.

"Yes," Mr. Goodnow continued, "John is in jail, and his poor widowed mother is almost crushed with grief. John was her only support, her idol and her pet. She is a noble woman, a true mother, I can tell you, and even to this day, in spite of all the evidence which has been produced, she declares that John is innocent."

"But what are the charges against him, Mr. Goodnow? Do I understand that John Earnest, that faithful, intelligent

gent man, who has served you so long and so well, is now in jail for theft?"

"He is," was the trembling reply.

"He is charged with having stolen a package of money containing \$5,000 from our bank."

"Is it possible?" And what are the circumstances? pray let me know," I asked, with great impatience.

"The circumstances," said my friend, "are that a package containing \$5,000 was missed from our bank, and we have never been able to account for its disappearance upon any theory or supposition save that John must have known what became of it. He declares, of course, that he does not, but all the circumstances point so strongly to his guilt that I am in great doubt. If there were any reasonable theory upon which I could base a presumption, or any evidence at all pointing to his innocence, I should readily accept his word as the truth, although it was against all the evidence produced by an examination of the books."

"It was on a busy Saturday that the shortage occurred—or, at least, so far as any of us know. In closing business at the bank, Saturday afternoon, John asked our cashier, Mr. Westman, if he had put away a package of money from the teller's desk. Mr. Westman said he had not, and John carefully looked over his cash again, and finally packed it up and put it in the vault. He checked over his cash entries and balanced his books as if all were right. Sunday morning Mr. Westman called for me, and asked if I would go with him to the bank. I consented, and when inside the bank Mr. Westman said he wanted to examine John's cash. We made a careful count and compared the money with the book, and found the cash was an even \$5,000 short. We said nothing about it until Monday morning when we met John at the bank. Mr. Westman then asked him if he had balanced his cash on Saturday. His face was slightly flushed, and he said that he had balanced the cash-book, but that his cash was short, and he did not stop to see what the trouble was. He said it was short \$5,000 as he supposed, but he expected a careful examination on Monday would show where the mistake was. Then followed an examination and re-examination, and still another trial at finding the lost money. All attempts were fruitless, and an expert was employed. The expert corroborated the other trials, and reported to the board that there could be no doubt about it that John Earnest was positively short in his cash to the amount of \$5,000. The matter was placed in the hands of detectives, and John was arrested. It was discovered that soon after the money was missed John paid off a mortgage on his mother's house, and that fact gave the detectives—as they thought—a direct clew to his guilt. When John was arrested his bondsman came forward and offered to make good the loss, but John positively declined and refused to allow that to be done. He declared his innocence, and said he could prove where the money came from to pay off the mortgage. He would rather suffer imprisonment and a trial than to have his bondsman pay for what he had not stolen, and thereby be considered a thief. He demanded a trial. This is probably his last day in court, and I see no chance whatever for the poor boy to escape the full penalty of the law. I admit being greatly in doubt about his guilt, and it will be a terrible blow upon me to see John Earnest taken to prison. It would be almost as hard as to see my own child taken there." And with these words the old gentleman tremblingly shook his white locks and wiped his moistened eyes.

We were now at the court-house steps, and we slowly ascended to the commodious court-room. An immense throng had gathered around the building, and when we entered the court-room we found it completely packed, and the doors guarded to prevent further ingress of the crowd. My companion passed me in, and led the way down the aisle to a seat in the space reserved for counsel and witnesses. A few minutes later the prisoner came in under escort of a deputy sheriff. The face was natural, and was the one I had expected to see at the counter where I went to get my check cashed. The prisoner looked pale, however, from the severe trouble he had evidently been passing through. But his clear skin, soft, glossy dark hair, bright eyes, and face beaming with intelligence and good nature, all helped to inspire his friends with confidence in his innocence. It was a picture for an artist every eye was turned toward the smooth-faced young prisoner. The old gentleman leaned over to me, and in a whisper said, as the tears came to his eyes: "Isn't it a sorrowful picture? Isn't he the type of a noble man? And my poor daughter—she was deeply in love with him. I wouldn't have it happen for half I'm worth."

Before I could ask any question, though I was now more thoroughly than before awakened in the case, the Judge took his seat, the jury were escorted to their box, and the court was called to order. Just then a small boy came tip-toeing through the crowd, and beckoning to the deputy sheriff. I heard him say: "Here's a message for Mr. Earnest." As soon as the letter had been examined by the counsel an agreement was made for a postponement. Young Earnest allowed his friends to give bonds for his appearance the next day, and there was not a dry eye in the court-room when the accused man started toward the door and was stopped by the sweet voice of the young lady who approached him with an extended hand, sympathetically saying: "We have never lost confidence in your honesty, John. You shall be free to-morrow."

The telegram was placed in the prisoner's hands. He nervously opened the wrapper, read it, and passed it to his counsel. The attorney for the State had just arisen, and had asked to recall the expert who had examined the books. The request was granted. A series of what seemed to me quite unimportant questions were asked and answered. The witness was excused, and, just as the State Attorney was about to arise, the counsel for the prisoner sprang to his feet and addressed the court:

"May it please your honor, I hold it as easily imagined as told. John Earnest is again teller of Linton Bank. Cashier Westman is one of his best friends. The cash is no longer short, and though George Westman is not to be found, his honorable brother has paid all the costs in suit, and no charges have been preferred against the guilty person. I shall not be surprised to receive, ere long, cards inviting me to witness an interesting ceremony, which, I understand, is to take place at the residence of President Goodnow.—*American Counting Room.*

The Judge informed the attorney that he could first show the paper to the attorney for the State, and if he did not object it could then be read. This was done; consent was given, and the telegram, dated at St. Louis, was read, as follows:

John Earnest, Linton: Delayed by accident. Will be there to-morrow to prove your innocence.

gentleman, who has served you so long and so well, is now in jail for theft?"

"He is," was the trembling reply.

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"The circumstances," said my friend, "are that a package containing \$5,000 was missed from our bank, and we have never been able to account for its disappearance upon any theory or supposition save that John must have known what became of it. He declares, of course,

that he does not, but all the circumstances point so strongly to his guilt that I am in great doubt. If there were any reasonable theory upon which I could base a presumption, or any evidence at all pointing to his innocence, I should readily accept his word as the truth, although it was against all the evidence produced by an examination of the books."

"It was on a busy Saturday that the shortage occurred—or, at least, so far as any of us know. In closing business at the bank, Saturday afternoon, John asked our cashier, Mr. Westman, if he had put away a package of money from the teller's desk. Mr. Westman said he had not, and John carefully looked over his cash again, and finally packed it up and put it in the vault. He checked over his cash entries and balanced his books as if all were right. Sunday morning Mr. Westman called for me, and asked if I would go with him to the bank. I consented, and when inside the bank Mr. Westman said he wanted to examine John's cash. We made a careful count and compared the money with the book, and found the cash was an even \$5,000 short. We said nothing about it until Monday morning when we met John at the bank. Mr. Westman then asked him if he had balanced his cash on Saturday. His face was slightly flushed, and he said that he had balanced the cash-book, but that his cash was short, and he did not stop to see what the trouble was. He said it was short \$5,000 as he supposed, but he expected a careful examination on Monday would show where the mistake was. Then followed an examination and re-examination, and still another trial at finding the lost money. All attempts were fruitless, and an expert was employed. The expert corroborated the other trials, and reported to the board that there could be no doubt about it that John Earnest was positively short in his cash to the amount of \$5,000. The matter was placed in the hands of detectives, and John was arrested. It was discovered that soon after the money was missed John paid off a mortgage on his mother's house, and that fact gave the detectives—as they thought—a direct clew to his guilt. When John was arrested his bondsman came forward and offered to make good the loss, but John positively declined and refused to allow that to be done. He declared his innocence, and said he could prove where the money came from to pay off the mortgage. He would rather suffer imprisonment and a trial than to have his bondsman pay for what he had not stolen, and thereby be considered a thief. He demanded a trial. This is probably his last day in court, and I see no chance whatever for the poor boy to escape the full penalty of the law. I admit being greatly in doubt about his guilt, and it will be a terrible blow upon me to see John Earnest taken to prison. It would be almost as hard as to see my own child taken there." And with these words the old gentleman tremblingly shook his white locks and wiped his moistened eyes.

We were now at the court-house steps, and we slowly ascended to the commodious court-room. An immense throng had gathered around the building, and when we entered the court-room we found it completely packed, and the doors guarded to prevent further ingress of the crowd. My companion passed me in, and led the way down the aisle to a seat in the space reserved for counsel and witnesses. A few minutes later the prisoner came in under escort of a deputy sheriff. The face was natural, and was the one I had expected to see at the counter where I went to get my check cashed. The prisoner looked pale, however, from the severe trouble he had evidently been passing through. But his clear skin, soft, glossy dark hair, bright eyes, and face beaming with intelligence and good nature, all helped to inspire his friends with confidence in his innocence. It was a picture for an artist every eye was turned toward the smooth-faced young prisoner. The old gentleman leaned over to me, and in a whisper said, as the tears came to his eyes: "Isn't it a sorrowful picture? Isn't he the type of a noble man? And my poor daughter—she was deeply in love with him. I wouldn't have it happen for half I'm worth."

Before I could ask any question, though I was now more thoroughly than before awakened in the case, the Judge took his seat, the jury were escorted to their box, and the court was called to order. Just then a small boy came tip-toeing through the crowd, and beckoning to the deputy sheriff. I heard him say: "Here's a message for Mr. Earnest."

As soon as the letter had been examined by the counsel an agreement was made for a postponement. Young Earnest allowed his friends to give bonds for his appearance the next day, and there was not a dry eye in the court-room when the accused man started toward the door and was stopped by the sweet voice of the young lady who approached him with an extended hand, sympathetically saying: "We have never lost confidence in your honesty, John. You shall be free to-morrow."

The remainder of my story can be as easily imagined as told. John Earnest is again teller of Linton Bank. Cashier Westman is one of his best friends. The cash is no longer short, and though George Westman is not to be found, his honorable brother has paid all the costs in suit, and no charges have been preferred against the guilty person. I shall not be surprised to receive, ere long, cards inviting me to witness an interesting ceremony, which, I understand, is to take place at the residence of President Goodnow.—*American Counting Room.*

The Judge informed the attorney that he could first show the paper to the attorney for the State, and if he did not object it could then be read. This was done; consent was given, and the telegram, dated at St. Louis, was read, as follows:

John Earnest, Linton: Delayed by accident. Will be there to-morrow to prove your innocence.

A Marvelous Marksman.

There is in town at the present time a party who has an interesting and eventful history. The person is Charles Wallace, who was born in Missouri in 1843, and from his boyhood until the breaking out of the rebellion was engaged in hunting and trapping. When the call came for soldiers he responded, enlisted in the 4th Missouri regiment, and served throughout the rebellion. He was in Andersonville, Libby, Bell Isle, and Florence prisons. At the first named he was sentenced to be shot July 17, 1863. The night preceding the day on which he was to meet his death, he with seven others, managed to escape. They managed in the darkness to get close to the guard, when a companion named Bob Allison, of Connecticut, threw a preparation of fine, dry tobacco and pepper into the guard's face.

At the conclusion of his war experience Wallace went on the plains as a scout, carrying with him in his body nine bullets, seven of which can be distinctly felt. During a fight with a party of Apache Indians he had a personal encounter with one of the chiefs of the tribe, named Osceoneo. The fight was a hand-to-hand one, and meant death to one or both. Wallace received a dagger thrust through the palm of his left hand, and was also held by the throat. He drew his revolver with his right hand, and twisted his free arm across his back, shot the chief dead. The knife with which he was stabbed was combined with a revolver, having in one weapon a scalping-knife, dagger and shooting-iron. In the handle was a chamber of poison, with which to make the work of the instrument still more dangerous. As mementoes of this fight the scout carries with him the miniature arsenal described and the scalp of Osceoneo.

The wonderful marksmanship of Charles Wallace is the talk of the town, and in his exploits in this direction he is ably seconded by his wife. Mrs. Wallace will at the distance of one hundred and twenty-five feet hold a ten cent piece between her lips and her husband will knock it out of her mouth every time without harm. This is regarded as the most difficult shot ever made, and it has been done here several times since their advent in town. A common task is placed on a white surface, point toward him, and Mr. Wallace will drive a bullet on the task point nine times out of ten. He will stand one hundred yards away, hold a ten cent piece between his fingers, which his wife will shoot out with a revolver.—*Marlboro Cor. Boston Globe.*

The Grazing Region.

What is generally known as the grazing country of the Far West, is a region stretching over 2,000 miles north and south by 1,000 miles east and west; and comprises Arizona, Colorado, Western Dakota, Indian Territory, Western Kansas, Western Nebraska, New Mexico, Montana, Eastern Utah, Wyoming and portions of Oregon and Nevada. Into these grazing grounds, this year, Missouri sent 55,000 one and two-year-old heifers and cows; the eastern half of Kansas about 20,000; Iowa about 25,000; Minnesota, 15,000; Louisiana, 10,000; Mississippi, 10,000; Tennessee, 5,000; Florida, 15,000; and driven into Texas, New Mexico and Arizona from Old Mexico about 30,000. Oregon and Washington sent into Montana, Wyoming and Dakota fully 20,000. And into this same country about 20,000 young thoroughbred and high-grade bulls were sent from different Eastern and Middle States. The cost of yearlings from Missouri, Iowa, Kansas and Nebraska was from \$17 to \$21 per head; two-year-olds, \$23 to \$28 per head; young dry cows, \$30 to \$35 per head. From Arkansas and further south the price per head was from three to six dollars less, owing to quality, and from Old Mexico \$10 was a good price for yearlings, \$12 for two-year-olds; \$16 to \$18 for three-year-olds and cows; cows with calves, \$22 to \$25. The price of stock cattle in different Western localities is now as follows: Southern Texas, \$20 to \$22.50 per head; Northern Texas, Indian Territory, Arizona and New Mexico, \$25 to \$28, owing to improvement; Western Kansas, Colorado, Wyoming and further north, from \$30 to \$35 per head, owing to quality and improvement. Grade bulls cost from \$48 to \$60 per head for yearlings, \$60 to \$75 for two-year-olds, thoroughbreds from \$100 to \$300, owing to the strains of blood.—*Madison State Journal.*

The witness carefully unfolded the package as she replied: "This is the package of money, sir, which was taken from the Linton Bank on Saturday, the tenth day of last month—five thousand dollars!" and she held it up that the Court might get a view of it.

"From whom, or where, did you get this money, Miss Goodnow?" continued

"I found it to-day at the house of Mr. Henry Black, and among a bundle of papers belonging to George Westman, the brother of Cashier Westman, of Linton Bank!"

This reply came like a thunderbolt from heaven, and the excitement which followed was so great that the Court rapped vigorously upon his desk before order could be restored.

The counsel for the accused stepped forward, and taking the package of money placed it before the Court saying: "If your Honor please, we desire to offer this package of money as a part of our evidence in this case."

The Divining Rod.

The Philadelphia *Press* contains the following interview with Dr. Seth Pan-coast, of that city, who has gained high repute as a cabalist, and has made a life-long study of spiritualism, alchemy, and the occult sciences in general.

"What is the theory of the operation of the divining rod?"

"Well, in the first movement of the rod there is evidently an attraction, and in the second movement, giving the depth, a repulsion. The attraction is destroyed or suspended by covering the end of the rod with a wet cloth, if it is attracted by water, or, if by a mineral, by holding the same kind in the hand or by binding it to the end of a rod. It can be analyzed into an attractive and repelling energy, and we must believe that those who are in sympathy with this energy possess a higher state of susceptibility and consciousness than is possessed by a large majority of the human family. What is discovered by the divining rod is one kind of energy, the person possessing the conscious power is the other form of energy, and the rod is the medium between the two; in other words, the sensitive person is in sympathy with the subjective magnetism of the mineral through the medium of the rod."

"What is this sensitive organization or power of consciousness?"

"An intensely acute and susceptible development of the nervous system, and of the more delicate mental faculties. Very few persons have it naturally, though some may acquire it by means of meditation, solitude, religious exercise of the mind, and a determined will to do right. The great point is to fully harmonize the emotional faculties. This consciousness may exist in the male sex and also in the female. Even children have been known to have it. Religious and pious persons are more likely to have it and to acquire it by cultivation than others. But, however, there are very few persons who really are endowed with this consciousness."

"Does the devil have anything to do with this unseen agency?"

"No, indeed, not at all. There used to be an old superstition that the evil one had the power of granting the ability to use the rod. But that is all an error. It probably arose from the legends that he and his proselytes had all the mines and ore-beds, which were alleged to be in his kingdom. If he had anything to do with it, religious persons, you may be sure would not be susceptible."

"How long has this divining rod been known?"

"Modern history locates the first knowledge of it in the eleventh century, but in reality it was known long before that. It was known of in the Kabbalah, which, as is well known, is of very ancient date. However, the divining rod must not be confounded with the magic wand of the Kabbalah. The two are entirely different. The magic wand is used for controlling intelligences as a hand of authority. It controls this intelligence. Thus, I will intelligently a desire. That desire never dies until it is fulfilled, or until it meets a counter desire. In willing this desire the wand is used, and is of vast power. The distinction between the divining rod and the wand is that the former controls energies or physical substances, while the latter rules over intelligence or spirits."

"What makes the best kind of rod?"

"The slender branches of the hazel tree, or, as it is sometimes called, the witch hazelwood. There is something singular about the hazelwood in its power of transmitting what we call subjective energy. It has this power more than any other wood. The oak is the next best, though in other countries, notably in Europe, the wood of the rowan tree is greatly used. The hazel tree surpasses all, however, just as certain metals are better than others as conductors of electricity, copper, for instance, being one of the best. So is the wood of the hazel tree the best to convey subjective energy."

"What notable instances are there in history of the use of the rod?"

"O, there are many ways. One that is often referred to is that of Jacques Aymar-Vernay, a Frenchman, who lived in the latter part of the seventeenth century. He was widely known as a diviner and as one using the divining rod. He acquired a great reputation, but how far he was really able to use the rod I can not say. There is a story that he was a mason, but left his trade and became a great diviner, discovering many beds of ore and not a few streams of hidden water. Somewhere in his neighborhood there was a mysterious murder. The criminal could not be found, though the most diligent search was made in every section. At last the aid of this Aymar-Vernay was called in, and he went to work, and whether it is claimed that he used any means of divination I do not know. At any rate he found the murderer, who finally confessed. This whole affair provoked a great deal of discussion, and a great many short tracts or pamphlets were written about it at the time. Aymar-Vernay obtained a great deal of notoriety, and the story of his ability to use the divining rod has been recorded in French history as being unquestionably true."

"I know of instances myself of the successful use of the divining rod. I can give you one which occurred with me the last two and a half years."

"Mr. Charles Latimer, who is a personal friend of mine, was in Philadelphia and chanced to be at my house."

"He is a person who has remarkably well developed the power of consciousness necessary to use the divining rod. So, without his knowledge, we concealed beneath the carpet in this very room a \$10 gold piece, and then, later on in the evening, we met in this room and asked him to find us the metal. He took a divining rod in his hands and began walking over the floor. When about half way across the room the rod moved outward and downward. He stopped and said: 'Here is the metal, and I know it to be iron.' Well, this was not the place where we had hidden the gold, and, more than this, he had not named the right metal. So that it was not by any means the solution of the experiment that we were looking for. But suddenly the idea flashed upon my mind that true enough there was metal there and it was iron. He was right. He was standing over the steam-pipe of the heating apparatus in the cellar. So I at once told him that he was cor-

rect, but that there was more metal somewhere in the room. He then began the search once more, and in a short time the rod by its movement showed him where the gold piece was, and he by his keen and delicate consciousness knew that it was gold."

"Mr. Latimer has also in many cases which have been made public discovered valuable beds of coal and iron. If there were more persons possessed of this sensitiveness, why there would be a far greater use of the rod in mining enterprises."

A Dinner with Washington.

The dinner usually consisted of three courses—meat and vegetables, followed by some kind of pastry, and last hickory-nuts and apples, of which Washington was very fond. The meal lasted about two hours, when the table was cleared off, and the leaves taken out, so as to allow it to be shut up in a circle, when Mrs. Washington presided, and from her own silver tea service served the guests with tea and coffee, which were handed round by black servants. Supper was at nine, and the table remained spread till eleven. It consisted of three or four light dishes, with fruit and walnuts. When the cloth was removed each guest in turn was called upon for a toast, which was drunk by all, followed by conversation, toasts, and general conviviality.

General Chastellux, a member of the French Academy, who came out, with Rochambeau as his aide, with the rank of Major General, traveled over the country and published an account of his travels. In this he speaks of his visits to Washington, and describes these entertainments as delightful, and says that "General Washington toasted and conversed all the while," and adds: "The nuts are served half open, and the company are never done eating and picking them." Washington entertained a great deal. Not only French officers but the leading statesmen of the country visited him to consult on the state of affairs. Baron Steuben's headquarters were on the Fiskhill side of the river, and he frequently came over to drill the Life-Guard in military tactics, with a view making officers of them, should the war continue. Their encampment was just back of headquarters.

On these occasions he was accustomed to dine with Washington. Once several guests were present, and among them Robert Morris, who had come up to consult with Washington about the State finances. During the dinner he spoke very bitterly of the bankrupt condition of the Treasury, and his utter inability to replenish it, when Steuben said, "Why, are you not financier? Why do you not create funds?"

"I have done all I can," replied Morris, "and it is impossible for me to do more."

"What?" said the baron; "you remain financier without finances? Then I do not think you as honest a man as my cook. He came to me one day at Valley Forge, and said, 'Baron, I am your cook, and you have nothing to cook but a piece of lean beef, which is hung up by a string before the fire. Your wagoner can turn the string, and do as well as I can. You have promised me ten dollars a month; but as you have nothing to cook, I wish to be discharged, and not longer be chargeable to you.' That is an honest fellow, Morris."

Morris did not join very heartily in the laugh that followed.

Washington was accustomed to hold a levee every week, while the officers took turns in giving evening parties; and, not to mortify those who were too poor to furnish expensive entertainments, it was resolved that they should consist only of apples and nuts. There was no dancing or amusement of any kind except singing. Every lady or gentleman who could sing was called upon for a song. Once Mrs. Knox broke over the rule, and gave what at that time was considered a grand ball, which Washington opened with the beautiful Maria Colden, of Coldenham. She and Gitty Wynkoop and Sally Jansen, the latter two living near old Paltz, were great belles in the sparsely settled country, and the three wrote their names on a window-glass with a diamond ring, and then they remain to this day.—*J. T. Headley, in Harper's Magazine.*

An Indian Funeral.

A correspondent of the *St. Louis Republican* thus described an Indian funeral in Montana: The subject was a sixteen-year-old nephew of Sitting Bull, who had been attending school for some time in the southern part of the Territory, and while there contracted a lung trouble that proved fatal yesterday. We followed the procession, which consisted of four old women and two small boys, professional mourners. The corpse was most carefully wrapped, all his new winter clothes being wrapped about him, around which was a large piece of tent cloth, and the whole bound with ropes. It was drawn to the place of sepulture on a travois—poles made fast to the horse with one end trailing on the ground. The body, singular to state, lay with the feet toward the horse and head near the ground. The place of final deposit was made of poles ten feet high, on which was a scaffold of poles to receive the body. It was no little job for the four women to lift and deposit the body upon such an elevation, a task which they contrived to accomplish by making a temporary ladder. On this scaffold was already the body of the deceased's father, who had gone thither three weeks ago. After "burial" was completed the four women began their lamentations, wailing, digging the ground, chanting, etc. When they had partially subsided one of the old women, whose eyes were offensively rheumy, said she had been employed to do so much crying in the last few weeks that she had almost lost her sight. When these four women left four more came, and thus in relays they will keep up their lamentations for a long period; it often extends over several years. Not infrequently relatives of a deceased person held in specially high esteem, in order to manifest the sincerity of their grief, seriously mutilate themselves.

Governor Butler says they used to speak better English in Massachusetts years ago than anywhere else on the globe, and the habit continued, until it was debauched by the newspapers.—*N. Y. Sun.*

Fashion Items.

A brilliant shade of plum color and another of rich dark blue have quite taken the place of strawberry and terracotta in popularity.

Coffee-colored lace, brought into favor by the Princess of Wales, who wore it recently upon a dress of ivory-white satin, is seen upon the latest imported evening dresses of cream-white satin and pearl-white brocade.

Dresses of either silk or satin are growing beautifully less in numbers upon the promenade, and in their place are seen the more appropriate and sensible costumes of serge, cheviot, tweed, cashmere, and cloth—the tailor-made suits forming by far the leading styles.

It is almost impossible to distinguish the new velvetine from real velvet, so silky is its surface and so soft and even its face. The dark colors of this material are very handsome, and they make both stylish and wear-defying walking-skirts, the new brand, it is claimed, being proof against rain spots, and warranted never to fade.

Very long gauntlet gloves of suede and wash leather will be worn this autumn for driving, shopping, and with walking costumes. The handsomest are not of the lately fashionable pale yellow or tan shades, but come in dark green, bronze, olive, and other quiet colors, slightly stitched with pale gold silk, and having the gauntlets lined with the same delicate tint.

Dark velvet bodices, which are so fashionably worn just now over skirts of veiling, silk and other fabrics, may be much heightened in effect for dressy occasions by having the basque edge cut in blocks falling over a lace ruffle set underneath. The trimmings of the sleeves and square neck are arranged to match. For evening wear the sleeves are sometimes of transparent silk, net or lace, gold lace being used where a gold-colored Spanish lace ruffle is set underneath the basque.

For little girls' wear at the seaside or in the country are sold pretty little Babette jackets, jackets of dark red velvet or cloth, braided with gold, to slip on over light dresses when the days are cool. There are also tiny shoulder capes of cardinal serge or cashmere, embroidered in narrow vine patterns in a deeper shade of silk, and lined with silk, and turned back sometimes to show a bright kilting underneath. Some of the blocks are quite broad, and not only trim the foot of the skirt and tunic, but are set in full double rows around the edge of the long pointed bodice in regular Elizabethan style.—*N. Y. Post.*

Autumn Novelties.

The most pronounced novelty of the season is the Crusader cloth, a beautiful fine, but firm, warm fabric, woven in many colors into broche figures of a mediæval character, shields, escutcheons, helmets, battle-axes, swords, daggers, coats of mail, crests and heraldic devices of all sorts. The Parisians are using these clothes for jackets, with a hauberk bodice and full pilgrim sleeves, or long, loose Crusader cloaks, with sleeves a la religieuse, or made up in the new Moiliere coat, revived by Mme. Sarah Bernhardt and called by her name. The dramatic artists will welcome this novelty with enthusiasm. The Gobelin Ottomans, with their graceful designs in subdued colors on dark, quiet grounds, will be much worn by conservative women of the best taste and with sufficient means to gratify the same. The velvet broche serges and Ottomans, with scattered figures and blocks of velvet chenille on wool grounds, will also be favorites with this class of ladies. The new chevrot effects, woven in stripes and bars for one part of the costume and plain for the other, will take the place of the mixtures so admired last season and which are not brought out this season. Grecian cloth, a wool fabric, is another high novelty. It is a broche stuff, with Greek designs of a severely classic style, which will be appreciated by artists and theatrical people.

A new color that clamors for favor, both in dress goods and millinery, is known as "Judeo," a deep purplish shade of crushed strawberry. New greens awaiting introductions are "Crescent," a water color made of green, and "Greenville," a frog green. A number of brown shades will be revived under new names and the same may be said for yellow. A fire-red hue, to be launched on the public as soon as the weather is cool enough to admit of it, has been christened "Infernal."

All sorts of velvety materials will be popular for bouquets, during the latter part of the autumn season, heavy velvets, plain and figured plushes and flowers in shaded velvet being among the garnitures that promise the greatest popularity, wall-flowers, dahlias, chrysanthemums and dark velvety red and orange colored nasturtiums taking the lead.—*Philadelphia Times.*

Colonel Fosbery created a sensation at a lecture he recently gave to an assembly of officers, small-arm inventors and other experts at the Royal United Service Institute by suddenly drawing from its place of hiding, under the table, a wonderful new gun, which he had just brought from Liege. He called it a "baby electric gun." It looked like a pretty carbine, but it had no mechanism and could not possibly go off until connected up to the source of electric force. This done, it could be fired with amazing rapidity, 104 rounds having a few days before been fired from it by its inventor, Mr. Pepler, of Liege, in two minutes. Colonel Fosbery fired two rounds with infinitesimal powder charges. He had prepared himself by secreting under his vest a small circuit of wire and putting on a bandoleer, supporting what looked like a two ounce vial, but was in fact an electric accumulator, with sufficient stored up energy to discharge 2,000 rounds. The cartridges were innocent looking mites and contained no detonating substances, nothing in fact but simple powder and a wad. The opinion was expressed by various speakers that the electric gun must once more revolutionize the manufacture of small arms.

"I see 'fain we're lost, Pussie."

By and by she began to cry, and a passing policeman finding that she had strayed from home brought her and her kitten to the Police Central Office, where she was placed, in charge of Matron Webb. At nine o'clock an excited man ran into the Central Office and said his little daughter was lost. He was sent to the lost children's department, where he recognized his daughter. He said his name was Elias Micklen and that he lived at 334 Greenwich avenue. He had never seen the kitten before.—*N. Y. Sun.*

Little Miss Micklen's Adventure.

At dusk last evening a very little girl, with golden hair and blue eyes, toddled through Twenty-fourth street and sat down on a stoop near the corner of Sixth avenue. Her little red hat rested on the back of her head and her cheeks were tear stained. She was scarcely three three years old. She pressed to her breast a small white-and-black kitten which she had been carrying, and said thus:

"I see 'fain we're lost, Pussie."

By and by she began to cry, and a passing policeman finding that she had strayed from home brought her and her kitten to the Police Central Office, where she was placed, in charge of Matron Webb. At nine o'clock an excited man ran into the Central Office and said his little daughter was lost. He was sent to the lost children's department, where he recognized his daughter. He said his name was Elias Micklen and that he lived at 334 Greenwich avenue. He had never seen the kitten before.—*N. Y. Sun.*

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Stories About a Horse.

"Thur he stands ez innocent-lookin' and chipper ez yearlin' colt, an' no un w'ud b'lieve that hose wuz twenty-six y'ar old. Ya! I've owned him senz he wor er colt, an' I've taught him everything that he knows 'cept his meanness. He comed natral by that, pardner—hit was borned in him."

Old Zeke, of Texas, is a veritable frontier patriarch. His horse is a large blood-bay animal, who has a wicked fashion of showing the whites of his eyes and laying back his thin ears.

"He looks so much like one uv them thru Mexican lions," explained the old hunter, "that I named him Cougar." He had often spoken to me of this famous animal, and one day—I shall never forget the circumstance—I made Cougar's acquaintance. I was on my way through a corral when a screaming neigh, the sound of quickly falling hoofs and a warning cry caused me to turn my head. A blood-bay horse, with proudly arched neck, flowing mane and tail, and head erect, was coming toward me at a quick gallop. His thin ears were laid back close to his head and his red tongue hung from his mouth between two rows of vicious-looking teeth. I turned and faced the rapidly advancing animal. The nearer he came the more dangerous he looked, and I was unarmed. I would have run toward the row of stalls on the north side of the corral for shelter, but they were too far away. I could hear the chomp of his teeth and the sound made cold chills run down my vertebral column. Fire seemed to flash from his eyes and great flecks of foam dropped from his open mouth. When he was in ten feet of me he reared, evidently intending to crush me beneath his forefeet. I shuddered—most any man would have done so under the circumstances—and braced myself for a spring. The anticipated shock did not come however. I heard the sternly-spoken caution "Hya!" in the well-known voice of One-eyed Zeke, and the horse, but recently so full of vicious fire, halted, pricked up his ears and stood meekly in front of me, with such an expression of innocent wonder on his face that I burst out laughing. He did not like this and laid back his ears again.

"Hya, ye rascal!" shouted his master. "None uv that."

He walked up to where I was standing and placed his hand on my shoulder.

"This hyar's a pardner uv mine, Cougar," he said. "Shake!"

Cougar who had inclined his head gravely, as though listening to his master's words, lifted one of his fore feet and extended it toward me in a very friendly manner. I grabbed the outstretched limb, and since that time Cougar and I have been very good friends, although I never cared to presume on our acquaintance by any undue familiarity.

In 1874 a party of soldiers who were being guided by Zeke followed an Indian trail which extended across El Llano del Mar, which is an arid, sandy, alkali desert. It is about one hundred miles wide and there is very little water on it. The soldiers had reached the middle of the desert when they were overtaken by a terrible sand-storm, which lasted about twelve hours. Many of the men and horses were suffocated by the sand. The packs and water-sacks were blown away and those of the horses that were not killed stampeded. Old Zeke was badly bruised, and the alkali dust entering his throat had so swollen it that he could hardly speak. The soldiers were lying about suffering from the same difficulty, and Zeke knew that unless they could reach water they would all perish. When he came to his sense, Cougar was standing near him, and he called the animal to his side. With great difficulty he managed to clamber into the saddle.

"Water!" he whispered hoarsely into the horse's ear.

Cougar threw up his head, sniffed the air for a moment, and then started off at a gallop. He made straight for a water hole, about three miles distant, and when he reached there Zeke was enabled to alight his burning thirst. He filled his canteen with water and started Cougar back with it to the suffering soldiers. He made the journey swiftly, and when he returned his saddle was loaded down with canteens. Zeke filled these and started the horse back again. He made several trips, and when everybody had been supplied the missing horses and pack animals were hunted up and the outfit turned back toward the post. When they reached there, and the story of Cougar's sagacity became known, they made a hero of the horse. The officers drank his health, their wives and daughters made him a blanket, the soldiers whose lives he had saved contributed money enough to buy him a costly saddle and bridle, and the commander of the scouting party had a gold medal struck on which is engraved an account of the affair.

"Yaa," said Zeke, when he finished this story, "Cougar ez tolerbl keen an' he hez more sense than half the humans what I meets; but he's no angel, ez the man what fools around his head or heels kin testify to."—*Philadelphia Times.*

An Electric Gun.

Colonel Fosbery created a sensation at a lecture he recently gave to an assembly of officers, small-arm inventors and other experts at the Royal United Service Institute by suddenly drawing from its place of hiding, under the table, a wonderful new gun, which he had just brought from Liege. He called it a "baby electric gun."

It looked like a pretty carbine, but it had no mechanism and could not possibly go off until connected up to the source of electric force. This done, it could be fired with amazing rapidity, 104 rounds having a few days before been fired from it by its inventor, Mr. Pepler, of Liege, in two minutes.

Colonel Fosbery fired two rounds with infinitesimal powder charges. He had prepared himself by secreting under his vest a small circuit of

THE BOURBON NEWS.

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Ky., as second class mail matter.]

FOR PRESIDENT,
that uncrowned King of every Democratic
heart,

SAMUEL J. TILDEN.

FOR VICE PRESIDENT,
Mr. Tilden's companion in Victory and in
Humiliation,

THOMAS A. HENDRICKS.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

Richard Reid, of Mt. Sterling, is a candidate
for Judge of the Court of Appeals, to succeed
Judge Hargis—subject to the action of
the Democracy of the First Appellate Dis-
trict.



GOOD OLD OHIO!

Hoadley's Majority
12,000.

The Legislature Democratic by
a Good Majority.

The Democracy scored another big victory in Ohio Tuesday, and carried things by storm as if by a forlorn hope. Several weeks ago, when the discontents were sprung in the ranks by the Cincinnati papers, things commenced to look gloomy, and as spectators from this side of the river, nothing but sure defeat stared us in the face. But all has been turned into joy and sunshine, by victory being perched on the banner of the glorious old party. This makes the sixth victory of the party in that State since the organization of the Republican party less than twenty-five years ago.

The latest authentic advice from Columbus (the headquarters of the Democratic Executive Committee) assures the election of Hon. Geo. B. Hoadley, the Democratic nominee, Governor of the State, by at least 12,000 majority, but the chances are close on the Lieutenant Governor and others of the State ticket.

It is certain that the Lower House will have a majority of 10 or 12. On the joint ballot for Senator the Democrats are sure of between twenty and thirty, and a contest is inevitable between Pendleton and the field, consisting of such Statesmen as Thurman, Geddes, Converse, Bookwalter and Payne.

Seventy counties thus far heard from, place Hoadley's majority at 15,000, but estimates on other counties will probably reduce these figures a little.

The regular Democratic ticket in Hamilton County has been elected, with the exception of two or three perhaps, by a good majority.

Virginia is beginning to make flour of peanuts, of which she raises 2,000,000 bushels this year. Peanuts, so called in the Old Dominion, were introduced from Africa, and are known in North Carolina as ground-peas, in Tennessee as goobers, and in Georgia, Alabama and Mississippi as pinders.

The Bishop of Kentucky, Dr. Benjamin Bosworth Smith, now over 90 years of age, will be unequal to the discharge of his duties as Presiding Bishop at the coming Triennial Convention of the American Episcopal Church, and the Rt. Rev. Alfred Lee, Bishop of Delaware, next in seniority, will serve in his place.

A question that troubles the Republican managers is how to obtain money from office holders without incurring the penalties prescribed for an infraction of the Civil Service act. It is safe to say the long-headed politicians will devise some scheme whereby the spirit of the law will be violated without fracturing the letter.

The widow of "Stonewall" Jackson denies being the guest of Gov. Ben Butler while on a recent visit to Boston, but says of her visit:

"While in Boston we were entertained at a hotel, and did not cross the threshold of Gen. Butler. Justice, however, compels me to say that he was wanting in no courtesy to the guests of his State. The people at Boston, and at every point we visited in the North, certainly gave evidence that my husband's name was held in such honor and reverence that my heart could not but be touched with tender and graceful emotion."

MILLERSBURG.

No fight about onions this week.
Nick Worthington is still very low.
The marshal caged a couple of Carlisle coons for gambling to-day.

Charlie Becroft reports more rabbits this fall than he ever saw in his life.

R. W. and J. T. McClelland and other horse men are attending the Germantown fair.

The villain was also on the war-path the other day and wanted to puncture a victim.

A slight ripple upon the even current of the public school some days since—two of the pupils, etc.

Miss Sallie McIntyre is still too sick to teach, and Mrs. G. W. Smith is welding the birch for her.

The arrival of a train at this point from Cincinnati due here at 6:40 p.m., is as uncertain as a white man.

Laban Becroft has returned from Illinois, and reports his father much better from his recent severe illness.

The brass bound valise is going around with one arm in a sling trying to straighten out that peculiar business.

The remains of Forman Worthington were sent to Minerva, Mason county, Wednesday evening, for burial.

Rev. Mr. Shaw, of the Methodist church, has moved into the residence lately vacated by R. B. Boulden.

The store man was largely in demand last week, but now, Oh, my! where is my straw hat and 4th of July fixtures?

Harvey Letton sold his fat hogs last week at \$4.60, and his son Henry sold at \$4.50. The home butchers bought them.

Misses Katie Purnell, Mollie Knight, Alice Wedell, Maud Smedley and others are attending the Louisville Exposition.

About ten minutes work on the park fence will be only required. Twill be finished in the sweet spring time gentle-

Laban Becroft sold to Jas. Ford, 95 fat sheep, weighing 170 pounds, at a nickel per pound. They were sold a month ago, and delivered Wednesday.

Over a hundred pupils eligible to attend the public school, and no schoolhouse. Of course the money is paid to the over-worked teacher as required by law.

Our new marshal is around considerably, but although the boys say he summoned half the town, he failed to bag the naughty ones who blew up the town with a petard.

A slight change in the time of running the train caused several of the sisters who lingered too long for the last kiss and the very last word of gossip to be left only 2 or 3 minutes late.

The farm of F. A. Jones sold Wednesday to Wm. Carpenter, at \$64.85 per acre; hogs sold at \$4.32 per cwt.; corn, \$1.30 per shock; sheep \$3.75; calves \$5 to \$15; horses \$25 to \$75.

Police Judge John A. Miller, tried a case a few nights since, and never stopped cutting meat—swore in the witnessess, tried the case, and made the plaintifff pay costs, his failing to establish a case.

Wm. Becroft, formerly of this precinct, but now in Illinois, while sitting on a goods box in Champaign City, got his shoulder broke by some fellow kicking a flower pot out of an up-stairs widow on him.

Sam A. James has moved into the Abbott property. He is prepared to furnish the best of every thing in his line including fresh beef and pork &c. Call before he understands weighing his hand.

Dan Bowden, Lewis Ishmael and Tom Jones all had calves to die very suddenly and mysteriously. They take sick and die in twelve hours. A post-mortem examination revealed clotted blood about the neck and shoulders. Six hogs died in a few hours after eating the carcass of the calves.

We have found one person who says he is a correspondent of the News. Can't say whether he is "B'rer Bar" or "B'rer Wolfe" or both. He says he is the villain of the play who gathers up the scandals, fights, &c. Long may he wave, for the defection of those who think the sheet not fit to come in their house (when they have to pay two dollars for it) but try to borrow it before the subscribers have read it, and failing in that, desire it to be saved, as they promised to send it to a friend who wishes to see what is said this week about that.

"B'RER WOLFE."

DAKOTA Indians who are denied the privilege of buying whisky, consume all the vanilla and lemon extracts they can buy at the grocery stores.

FOLLOWING the example of Mary Anderson, Susan B. Anthony has refused to be introduced to the Prince of Wales. Wonder what old girl will kick next!

MAHONE should be credited with a certain degree of smartness. He has too much sense to want to fight a duel when there are so many fools in Virginia who are willing to engage in that pastime.

Our country has no national flower, as other countries claim. France has her lily, England her rose, Scotland her thistle and Ireland her shamrock. Why do we not adopt the tallest, brightest and bravest among flowers, the sunflower? Our country lies nearest the setting sun?

"Women's Health Journal"

Contains valuable information on the diseases of women only. Published by LADY PHYSICIANS who have made these peculiar weaknesses of the sex their study for years. It gives the causes, symptoms, and a sure remedy for all Diseases of the Uterus, Fallopian of the Womb, Inflammation of the Uterus, Enlargement of the Heart, Ulceration of the womb and all displacements, Leucorrhœa or Whites, Irregular, suppressed or painful Menstruation, Flooding, Sickness and Headache, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Heartburn, Weakness in Neck and Shoulders, Scrofula, Pains in Side, Dizziness, Kidney Complaint, Barrenness, Nervous Prostration Depression of Spirits, General Debility of Women and Change of Life. Sent on receipt of six cents in stamps. Address, Dr. Rush's Medical Association, Nunda, New York.

BOARDERS WANTED

FOUR or five young men can be accommodated with good rooms and boardings or board. For particulars enquire at this office.

PUBLIC SALE

OF

VALUABLE LAND.

On SATURDAY, October 20th,

I will sell at the Court House door in Paris, at 2 o'clock p.m., my farm situated on the Paris & Kiser's Station turnpike, $\frac{5}{8}$ miles from Paris, adjoining the land of George White, Henry, Isgrig and David Hume. There are sixty-five acres, and a tract under cultivation, and is No. 1 tobacco land.

The land is under good plank fence, well watered, and is a very desirable piece of property.

TERMS—Five hundred dollars to be paid cash in hand, and notes for one and two years at 8 per cent. on the deferred payments.

LEONIDAS LEAVELL.

ART CLASS.

Mrs. MILLER'S class, just organized, will meet in Miss Tipton's school-room every Saturday from 9 till 4 o'clock, when drawing, painting in oil and on china and wood-carving will be thoroughly taught.

A course in drawing or a previous knowledge of it obligatory before painting or wood-carving. Pupils received only by session.

GRINDING.

While Bro. Shaw is torn down, I will grind corn on Wednesdays and Saturdays for customers.

J. M. THOMAS.

Butterick Patterns.

A complete stock of the Butterick Patterns just received by us. Orders by mail promptly filled. Send for catalogue—free.

FOSTER, MOORE & CO.

PUBLIC SALE

OF A

VALUABLE FARM.

As agent for the Wilmot heirs, I will sell at public sale, on

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 8th,

on the premises near Hutchinson's Station, half-way between Paris and Lexington, on the K. C. Railroad, with the branch of the Bethlehem and Hopewell turnpike running in front of the door, the farm of

165 ACRES OF LAND,

which is perhaps as good land as there is in the county or bluegrass region. The farm contains fine brick residence in good repair, good water, one large ice-house, barns and all necessary improvements.

Sale at 12:30 p.m., which will give ample time to attend the sale on the trains and to return to either Paris or Lexington. Terms liberal, and be determined on day of sale.

J. SMITH KENNEY, Agent.

A. T. FORSYTH, Auctioneer.

PUBLIC SALE

OF

HANDSOME and VALUABLE

CITY PROPERTY.

I will offer for sale to the highest bidder, on

SATURDAY, October 13th, '83,

at 2 o'clock p.m., the house and lot situated on the Georgetown pike, in the city of Paris, formerly the property of John W. Holliday. For particulars inquire of

J. M. DANIELS, or

J. B. NORTHCOTT.

A. T. FORSYTH, Auctioneer.

NEW MILLINERY SHOP

MRS. DR. J. B. SMITH, Millersburg, Ky., has received a fine line of new millinery goods and will constantly add all new features of the business as the seasons change. The goods are new, pretty and varied. Prices reasonable.

Mrs. Kate Dr. less presides as trimmer, and perfect satisfaction will be guaranteed.

Call early and often.

Oct 15-St.

FOR SALE PRIVATELY.

I desire to sell at private sale, my residence the property of Richard Burdette, my mother where the store recently burned from. The residence is an elegant frame cottage of the latest improved plan and is in No. 1 repair; good garden and yard, and is well watered and all necessary improvements.

Ever Kindly and Respectfully Yours,

W. M. SHAW.

Paris Mills, Sep. 28th, 1883.

8t

SCHOLARS WANTED

— IN —

MUSIC AND PAINTING.

MRS. MILLIE N. LONG, Paris, Ky., respectfully solicits orders for Crayon Portraits, which she is now making a specialty, and will teach a limited number of scholars in Crayon and Oil Painting, and in Music. Residence on Main Cross street, near Freight depot.

14sep-1m

ANTHRACITE COAL.

JUST received a car of fresh mined Anthracite coal, for sale at a lower price than usual.

12sep-8t

W. F. SPEARS.

14sep-1m

R. M. KENNEY,

SURVEYOR,

PARIS, Ky.,

Will attend to all calls in his line, in Bourbon and surrounding counties, with promptness. Charges Reasonable.

14sep-1m

NO TIME TO LOSE!

I HAVE NO TIME TO LOSE IN WAITING
on my customers to write an advertisement for
this sparkling little paper, but will hurriedly
say that I have just returned from New York,
and that

NEW GOODS

are tumbling in on me from EVERY TRAIN.

All that I can say now, is to COME--yes, come
NOW and lose no time yourself in securing
pick and choice from my large and varied selection
of DRY GOODS, DRESS GOODS,
NOTIONS, &c., &c.

A. NEWHOFF,
PARIS, KY.

AT COST !

We intend to close out our entire stock of
BOOTS, SHOES, HATS and GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS

Within ninety days. If you desire the greatest
bargain of your life, call and examine our goods
and prices. WE MEAN BUSINESS. COME
AND SEE US.